

THE

SATURDAY

EVENING POSY

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DISILLUSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

The sun shone down, the fields were green,
I found a path to wander through
Where grass and flowers still bore the dew,
And sudden turnings unforeseen
Led me glad wanderer between

New trees, new banks, where violets grew
So sweet with the sole life they knew.

Only two hands to hold the flowers!
"O wail, my violet," I said,
"This fair path leads so far ahead,
And you would find in these hours
Wait here where roses make green bowers,

In the cool shadow by your bed
Until you hear my homeward tread."

So my flowers wailed, and I went
Along the path beneath the trees
Whose great boughs were like mysteries
Though which small gleams of Heaven were
seen—

The birds sang loud in full content—
On and still on with soul as ease,
I wandered as the path might please.

It led me singing brooks,
Where mosses hung, green, damp and lush,
And tall white lilies seemed to bush
Your banks like violets with pure roses—
It led through hidden valley nooks,
Where no hedge-line but steps rush,
Lest they be walled of sweet flowers crook.

It led me glades of laurel through,
It took me up a hillside slope,
O'er rocks the charms loved to leap,
Heights where rare phosphorescent green,
Great rose glories, which perfume
My memory yet, and blushing creep
Into dream-gardens of my sleep.

And yet I did not break one bough,
But let the path me onward take,
It led me by a blue still lake,
O'er boughs and mountain brow
Where loon bemoans low, wondering how
The clouds each changed group could make,

And if the sun shone for their sake.

Of all the flowers I gathered none,
For, not innocent, well I knew
How sweet my chosen violets grew
In the still shade beside the stone,
Awaiting me, my wanderings done,

All among slender reeds which threw
Little arms about my blossoms blue.

Only two hands for all the flowers,
And those my violet would fill,
So I turned homeward o'er the hill,
And passed the rhododendron bower,
And the white lilies, and the towers
Of forest trees, nor passed until

I reached those violet waiting still.

Small, small blue violets' small and low!
More common violets by a score—
What glamer had my fancy thrown
Over these pale flowers, thus to forego
Some rare, fair glories that I knew!

Now I am weary, day is done,
And I can gather none small and few.

They seemed not small but wondrous sweet,
My mother's first blossoms bright with dew,
Smiling up at me where they grew.
When first I checked my footstep feet,
The woods and hills I went to see,
But it was summer, in fine, fine time,
My violet seem so small and few.

At well, I sat a lone, I gather up
The violets, let me as I come
With care and wonder in my home,
These violet blue will fill a cup
To grace the table where I sleep,
To wear and keep them, and be down,
Though of earth a glory I've missed some.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOTHER.

Miss Ursula Bakewell woke up one morning and found herself rich—richer—for just before her opening eyes, on the coverlet of the bed, lay a letter sealed and signed with black, and that letter informed her that she had become mistress of £2,000 a year.

She sat up, and took the letter to her heart, turning it about to look at the postmarks, and indulging in those speculations as to the strange handwriting with which we are all wont to find the pleasing evidence of some anticipated

event.

Miss Ursula's correspondence was by no means extensive, and a letter in an unknown hand, writing easily, for a considerable amount of wonder and surprise, which she bestowed on it, as we have seen, after which Miss Ursula passed herself of the good news. Very astonishing news it was, indeed, and so unexpected so totally unredressed of in any of Miss Ursula's most wildly uncheckered visions of future good,

that it is no wonder it took her some moments even to comprehend it. The process of dressing herself was a long one that morning, for, as each phase and consequence of her new position came to her one by one, she was compelled to sit down and survey it.

"That she should have thought of me!" she exclaimed, pausing in the act of dressing the comb through her soft, white curl—"me whom he has scarcely ever heard of—whom he has never even seen! It is so very, very strange!"

"My dear girl, my dear Olive and Clara," was the next resounding point. "I can give them a home now. I can save their young lives from future drudgery. How surprised they will be! How glad to have done with that weary teaching!" And a devout, "God be praised!" sighed up from some inwardmost depth, sealed more than the uttered words revealed.

Bridget shall have that new pair of which I was obliged to clog her for Clara's winter cloak. She was not disappointed, because I never promised it her, but it was rather a trial to me to be able to give her a comfortable Christmas present, and she deserved it too."

Then Miss Ursula got out her best black silk dress, and put it on. It was now consistent with her new property to don the shabby black memento which was her usual every day wear. At the last, her hands began to tremble, and she dropped into the nearest chair with the plump cry—

"I am quite inclined to do something for you, because you have behaved very well. You have asked me for nothing, and have kept out of my way. I set my face again; your husband's marriage; I told him it was just madness on such a beggarly income as his, and I had already enough of poor relations eating me up, without his bringing a fresh impression of them upon me. However, he chose to disregard my advice and my wishes, and I wished him a good-bye.

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of life. I began from the wrong end, and the chain is hopelessly tangled now. I might have been a good son; I might have been a good brother; never man had better chances; but I wasted them all. Life was planned out for me; but I tried a way of my own, and lost myself. Ah, Uncle we are great fools some of us, but you are not *only* my dear. This is how it all ended—all my pretensions; all my self-confidence, all my assurances—that I am compelled to write myself a last at the foot of a woman!"

It was very sad to her to hear him say this; and, because she could not help feeling it was all only too true. She could only lavish upon him her sisterly love and fondness. She could only console him on the past, and encourage him in the future. Poor soul she had been the greatest sufferer after all.

"It's all over, Ursie," he would repeat; "it's all over. I leave the girls to you; they are good girls. Make them like yourself, if you can. It is well that I have something to give you in return for all you have lost through me. I beseech you, their youth, their freshness, their young hope. I make over to you their filial love and duty—all my own interest in them. For the rest, Ursie, they must even work—my daughters," he said it bitterly, "when I meant to make princesses! They must work for their daily bread. I leave them just enough to complete their education. It is costly enough; it must be their stock-in-trade afterwards. And now I have done with life—a mistake—all a mistake!"

CHAPTER II.

OLIVE VERSUS CLARIE.

So Godfrey died; and from the gray clouds of that remorseful death-bed, Miss Ursula looked out upon a silver dawn, which brightened into a lovely morning. She was no longer alone in the world—not though the grave was closing upon the last of her home generation; sweet, new life had sprung up, a little lightered, but not by a little; and she was angry in her young, true, honest heart that the world—her world—should be so cheated, and should like to be so cheated.

You see that our little Olive expected too much of life. Hers was an exceptional nature, but she did not know it, and she looked, as a matter of course, for a world made up of exceptional natures like her own. A great, noble soul dwelt in that small body of hers; a large heart, all aglow with intense affections, deep, strong feelings, unlimited capacities for pain or pleasure, above all, a clear, undimmed truth—a truth, which was *really* in all that represented herself, and which shrank from the slightest clouding of its pure atmosphere when in contact with others.

Such natures have a hard battle to fight in life, if they finally accept the lower standard with which they find the rest of the world content, they only do so after a series of desperate struggles, after a resolute debating of each inch of ground. If they succeed in holding their own, they find themselves left alone—driving themselves for a man, but *worthy* for a woman! Soon as her life had hitherto been, Olive had already experienced something of this last trial. Clarie had been long ago "found out," Clarie, who had been a *queen* in her nurse's arms; Clarie, whose vanity had been so prodigious, even in her short skirts, that it had taught her tricks, and wiles, and pretty little affects which, however, straightway Olive had seen and scorned. But Clarie was not all the world; she was very unlike her mother, a good, frank, open-hearted woman, who loved her little stepdaughter dearly, and was loved by her with the tenderness and devotion of which she was capable. But Mrs. Godfrey Ranke died, and the little girls, from whom she had been bitten unwilling to part, were sent home under the care of a old friend, who, admiring Clarie, and seeing nothing attractive in the little brown, glad stripling, had devoted herself to the one who most amused and interested her. Clarie, foisted at the top of her heart, conscious herself for her mother's loss, in the faltering attention and admiration of her temporary guardian and other fellow-passengers, and from her new experience of life, added quite a valuable list of new and fascinating "notions" to her previous stock.

She wanted a good deal of indignation upon her sister's heartlessness, and wondered passionately that no one but herself loved her the best for so soon forgetting the dear, fond mother who was so immeasurably above these silly girls. Olive was so willing to take in her place. Olive longed for the voyage to be ended, that she might escape from a society which—little misanthrope of twelve years—she left despised.

She, also, Miss Forlonge's school furnished no kindred spirit to make with hers. A fashion, a *shame*, a *marriage*, of a governess, a set of experimental natures, girls, taught to regard elegant men and good looks as the two great aims of life; governess and girls were alike repulsive to the eyes and graces of pretty Clarie, and, ignoring the *other* consideration, the absent man of *years*, left that high-minded little creature very much disengaged with an exalted sense of life, and very disengaged of what she might see in the future.

"I can't think how you know me, Aunt Ursula," she said, settling herself with an elaborate frown, which seemed, somehow, to take possession of the vehicle. "Magnetic attraction," mused Miss Ursula. "I was losing you to my dear. And by the same rule," she added, with over so slight an intonation of reproach, "you ought to have known me." Her indomitable had been wounded—unconscious, she knew, but still wounded—to the mortem of that impetuous meeting. Clarie perceived it much. "Oh, but, Aunt Ursula," she said, beaming and dipping upon her, in the exercise of an often successful fascination, "we expected to see a very different person."

The words were expressive; the look and the emphasis were intended to suggest a flattering interpretation.

"How different!" said Miss Ursula simply. "You always said you were quite young," added a sweet, thin voice, which habited a fine.

Miss Ursula recognized the ring of the true, natural, and innocent purity towards the speaker—a small, brown creature, nestled in the corner of the carriage, destined to be adopted, perhaps, during the voyage—this was Olive. In spite of her young minister, she looked a more child by the side of Clarie. A pair of deep, earnest eyes looked out of a complexion of pale olive, destitute of the willfulness which rendered that her dark hair was braided closely round her face, and one thick plait graced her forehead. The inner hand which lay unclasped upon her lap was as fair as a child's, and wonderfully white, considering the texture of her hair. She was a person to be passed over entirely at the first view, especially to the side of Clarie. Clarie, indeed, attention was attracted by these wonderful eyes, and then the observer might go to detect certain subtle changes of expression, a rapid play of thought and feeling, which made the little peerless face interesting. But Clarie's mind was rapt of her own, and turned not even in spite of her unceasing importunity.

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world judges us generally by the samples we voluntarily offer for its inspection, and troubles itself very little to give beneath the surface for what we withhold. The little world in which these two girls had lived, that of Miss Forlonge's fashionable school (so Miss Ursula, by the way, of the larger world outside), was the current one of *beauties*. Clarie's position was high, and rank, open good-nature, and credit her, with all the virtues, because she knew how to make herself agreeable; whilst little silent Olive, with a heart burning for true love and sympathy, was left alone and unappreciated, because she was too earnest to be demonstrative, and too noble to court popularity by school-girl flattery or little, self-seeking wiles.

Often she was very indignant as she sat, apparently absorbed in a book, watching the crowd gathered about Clarie, paying homage to her beauty and her school girl wit, worshipping the idol of the hour like any other set of worldlings. She loved Clarie, she was not jealous, but she did not believe in her. She would have rejoiced in any success Clarie had honestly earned, but she was indignant at such success as this; she knew that Clarie did not really care for one of the infatuated girls she smiled so sweetly at; that she would go away, and forget them next day; and she was angry in her young, true, honest heart that the world—her world—should be so cheated, and should like to be so cheated.

You see that our little Olive expected too much of life. Hers was an exceptional nature, but she did not know it, and she looked, as a matter of course, for a world made up of exceptional natures like her own. A great, noble soul dwelt in that small body of hers; a large heart, all aglow with intense affections, deep, strong feelings, unlimited capacities for pain or pleasure, above all, a clear, undimmed truth—a truth, which was *really* in all that represented herself, and which shrank from the slightest clouding of its pure atmosphere when in contact with others.

Such natures have a hard battle to fight in life, if they finally accept the lower standard with which they find the rest of the world content, they only do so after a series of desperate struggles, after a resolute debating of each inch of ground. If they succeed in holding their own, they find themselves left alone—driving themselves for a man, but *worthy* for a woman!

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How Women Suffer in Character
By In-door Life.

Do men ever think how much comfort and enjoyment as well as profit they get by living in the open air, where they have every sense exercised, and no latent growth and symmetrical culture? Do they ever think that the sky overhead, the green fields, the shining of the sun, the kaleidoscopic changes of the clouds, the waving of the trees, the singing of the birds, the loving of the cattle, the bunting of sheep, the mingling with everything which goes to make up their daily lives, have much to do with awakening, training, educating them, and giving them marked characters? Women are largely deprived of these advantages. Her special senses, whereby at least inductive truth comes to the mind, are kept within so narrow a sphere of activity as to leave them in only an excited and at best a poorly developed state.

Women show this in their ignorance or want of knowledge of things in detail. Knowledge of general principles with respect to any truth is desirable, but how to take up general principles and apply them within their legitimate range to a great variety of things, is what makes the practical and successful man. Now, men have the opportunity in their methods of living to acquire both the knowledge of general principles and how to apply them symmetrically. But women, whatever they may know of the former, know but very little of the latter. I am sure that I am right in this, because it is only occasionally that I meet with a woman who, when she is out of doors where things are transpiring panoramically before her eyes, of which I take constant note, takes any notice of them whatever. Women, generally, when out walking or riding, seem to be so related to the use of her sight and hearing as to have it of no much practical efficiency upon her sensations. She fails to recognize objects; or, if she does perceive them, they seem to have no power so to impress themselves upon her as to awaken in her the desire to investigate their order, uses and ends.

This is not so with little girls. They are all as alive and as quick to the exercise of their special powers as boys of their age are. A thousand times have I seen this. As much of curiosity or the desire to know is to be found in girls as in boys. Sometimes I think even more is shown by them. But when they arrive at puberty, their human nature is subjected to their womanhood, and everything that they ought to know, understand and appreciate as thoroughly as men, because they hold the faculty of knowing and therefore the right to know in common with men, and, therefore, might be benefited by such knowledge as much as men, is made to give way to conditions of living which set them and thereafter impose on them. Nothing is more cruel and unjust than to take an organ, the sphere of whose action is to be decided only on general principles, when principles it holds in common with other organs like it except as separated by sex, and make all its activities and attainments to be dependent upon the exercise of a function. Where are so many and therefore unequal special opportunities to women a chance to know things general and special, and they will prove that they are as competent to master such knowledge as men are. Despite them of the opportunity, and you strike the instance of their nature. You tell curiosity, and then you kill ambition; you destroy in them the natural and the gift in them of the artistic; you tear away from them the intuitive without supplying its place by the rational. The reflex effect of all this is to be seen in ill conditions of body, ill-regulated intelligence, and abnormal spirituality, and as they are injured in health, in knowledge and in character.

It is not unusual for men of a good deal of culture to mistake entirely the cause of the indifference of women to their special sphere for the want of knowledge in detail. Many a man who is quick and intelligent in the direction approves for the entire want of ambition on the part of a woman to her possessions. I highly sympathize. He concludes that she is so much more refined and cultured in the sphere of her higher nature than he is, as to be beyond the exercise and influence of her own nature. He regards himself as coarse and crude where she is refined and delicately sensitive. He looks upon her as representing Heaven, while he thinks of himself as of the Earth, earthly. Never are a greater mistake made than this in most cases where such indifference exists. The truth is, that, as far from being spiritualized, women generally are greatly debarred in spirituality, and as far from being congenitally to the exercise of their nature, that are devoid of power in that case. The Apostle Paul told the truth when he said—“First the natural, then the spiritual.” He, alone, is in the highest degree competent to attainments in spiritual things who is proportionately in the most natural and true relation to natural things. The natural and the spiritual are not antagonistic. It is only the natural and the spiritual that are—

Love of life.

A Miner's Breakfast.

A miner recently died in Paris, and his ways of living were certainly novel in the extreme. He boasted that his breakfast never cost him more than a half-penny, and that it always consisted of bread and butter, or bread and fruit. This was his economic plan. Every morning he bought a small loaf of bread. With this he went to one of the markets, and if it was winter, he began by tasting the country-bread's butter. A bit of this was put in his mouth with a bit of bread previously deposited. Sometimes the butter was always bad, or had some flavor he did not like. Not to be made, he swallowed it, and made no protest. In summer he had more leisure, especially in the time of the ebb, the breakfast, the pheasant and the grapes. “Have you good charcuterie to-day?” “Yes.” “How do you eat them?” “We eat a portion.” “Can I taste them?” “Certainly.” He takes two or three bites, eats them with a mouthful of bread, and says, “Here, here! they're a little sour,” and as he passes on to the next meal. Before he got half way down to the next meal, his profanity, of course, after a time, the women who sold fruit and butter, and the various merchants began to know him, and, ashamed of his swearing, they suddenly refused to eat what he chose of whatever food was thrown into his basket. However, he had recently died, nevertheless, they feed him broken bread, or at a cost exceeding a half-penny.

Half the key-note to good breeding—*B*-natural.

ON THE LAGACY OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY FRANCIS BRETT HART.

The high intellectual qualities which Cuvier, Buffon and Goldsmith agree in attributing to the Newfoundland, I am satisfied, do but scant justice to the mental capacity of that sagacious animal. The point, I believe, usually made in his favor, is his habit of plunging into the water and rescuing people from drowning, but, as I have frequently had occasion to observe that he exhibits an equal solicitude for sticks and stones, or, indeed, anything that his master may first spit upon and then throw overboard, I do not think that the intellectual quality of the habit is conclusively proved. I am so well satisfied of this, that I feel confident that my dog—albeit an unusually intelligent member of the species—would refuse through logical consistency to rescue even my most intimate friends, unless they had first been spat upon and thrown in by me.

Nevertheless, although I point with pride to the fact that nobody has been drowned at my residence on Bush street since his advent in the family, I base the evidences of his intellect on somewhat higher grounds. He early evinced a disposition to attack passing canaries. I should have probably overlooked the circumstance had not my attention been previously attracted to an editorial in one of the daily papers conclusively proving the inferiority of the Mongolian race, and I at once saw that what I had presumed to be simply a brutal instinct, was really a mental effort of considerable ability. I have seen him bark at an offensive John with a persistency that was as offensive, if not as convincing, as a column of rhetoric. I have seen him pursue negroes with that fine blending of ferocity and intelligence which I have hitherto supposed to be peculiar to the *prima donna*. When I have watched him *dash*—if I may so call it—a party of colored children on their way to school, and stand with his handsome head erect, his milters ears slightly raised at their bases, his tail lightly twining like a musical phone—uttering deep-mouthed protests against this manifested shame of the educational system, he has seemed to me to be an embodiment of oblivious and aristocratic breeding.

In regard to his literary habits, of which no mention is made by Buffon or other naturalists, I would now speak. My attention was first drawn to the fact by his abrupt attitude toward the carrier of a certain newspaper, at whom he continually growled. Although his first attempt at criticism was abstract and vague, he eventually improved upon, so much as to separate the irresponsible *opinion* from the *declaration of fact*, and speak his animosity from the paper. This he usually “showed up.” During the term of my subscription, I do not think that an entire copy of the journal ever reached me; there was usually a column, a page, or a paragraph missing. Nor were these exceptional features of the paper apparently confined to the editorial expression; very frequently whole columns of advertisements were the subject of his displeasure. To the savagery he also added the impetuosity of the criti. He never permitted time if to be caught in the act, but always wore an air of quiet nonchalance. When his conduct was the subject of comment, that of revealed his complicity. A few days after this a copy of some Congressional speech was missing from my desk, and was found in the garden, having been clandestinely purchased by him. A prostratingly interesting trait, and one or two pamphlets—one, I think, on the cholera—soon followed. Had he occupied himself with the higher and mental pastimes, I should not have been so surprised. But when his taste for knowledge extended to bound volumes—when a copy of Pope, nicely bound, was found on the veranda—I found it necessary to correct him. He subsequently took Lamb and Bacon, but, as an ingenuous young friend assured me that this was evidently through a too literal conception of their titles, I excused him. But when the same young person attempted to justify the entire of Blaize's *Tales* as an act not inconsistent with the dog's previous habits, I could only look upon the hypothesis as passing in its verbiage, but incisive in its logic.

That quality of discriminating intelligence which, according to the Athenian belief, keeps the memory from talking, he should be made to do, was exhibited to a high degree by my Newfoundland. My attempts to teach him certain useful traits failed only through his extraordinary impetuosity. When I offered him a basket to carry, he would wag his tail and often wag his perfect understanding of the service required, but firmly and quietly declined the offer. When, I ordered him to go on, he would walk as far as the threshold to show his comprehension of the order, and return to the post on the hearth rug, to show his superior knowledge of the unexpressive merits of the two places. He always helped himself, when necessary, to the various reserves for the table, in preference to that set apart for his own use, with a fine discrimination of quality. When I sometimes found it necessary to urge him to attack the strange dogs which infested our garden—he was hasty and exhibited a desire to attack them from the parlor windows—if he preferred, vocal abuse to prompt and physical action—I generally found that the dogs were larger than himself, and that he deserv'd the result of reason rather than instinct. The well-known fact of his capacity, that I am convinced he waits only an opportunity to find some more considerate judges in distant lands, from far instating the more animal instinct which governed his young dog, I am satisfied that, in the immensity of time, he would at once recognize my descent in the moral scale, and, without attacking me—*adieu!*

A week ago, and with more even, had a fine dog thrown, as it were, at me for dinner. Not being very hungry, the hungry sense came out and touched the trembling tail of the dog. This creature gave the dog courage, and he began to lick the dog's eyes. This act seemed to please the great wild boar, and the dog continued it from time to time till the eyes of the boar had fully engorged under his protraction, looked upon him steadily, if not fixedly, and allowed him to eat what he chose of whatever food was thrown into his basket. However, they feed him broken bread, or at a cost exceeding a half-penny.

Half the key-note to good breeding—*B*-natural.

THE LENT JEWELS.

A Jewish Tale.

In schools of wisdom all the day was spent; His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent, With homeward thoughts, which dwelt upon the wife.

And two fair children who consoled his life. She, meeting at the threshold, led him in, And with these words preventing, did begin— “Ever rejoicing at your wished return, Yet am I most so now, for since this morn I have been much perplexed and sorely tried Upon one point which you shall now decide. Some years ago, a friend into my care Some jewels gave—rich, precious gems they were;

But having given them in my charge, this friend Did afterward nor come for them, nor send, But left them in my keeping for so long. That now it almost seems to me a wrong That he should suddenly arrive to-day. To take those jewels which he left, avar What think you? Shall I freely yield them back, And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to lack These gems myself, which I had learned to see Almost as mine forever, mine is few.”

“What question can be here? Your own true heart Must needs advise you of the easy part.”

That may be claimed again which was but lent, And should be yielded with no discontent. Nor surely can we find herds a wrong, That it was left us to enjoy it long.”

“Good is the word,” she answered, “may we now—”

And moreover that it is good allow.”

And, rising, to an inner chamber led, And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,

Two children pale, and he jewels knew, Which had been sent him, and returned knew.

—*Frederick's Poems.*

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF “ARTIST'S BRIDE,” “PHANTOM OF THE FOREST,” “PRIDE FLOWER,” “CLARA MORELAND,” “FORGED WILL,” ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONTINUATION.

For the next half hour I was like a dreamer who is conscious only of happy impressions, but too much consider'd to know from whence come and why. I have a confused recollection of persons gathering around me—of my hand being shaken by men of race—and of hearing words of congratulation, but not a sense of what was uttered during that period do I think I could correctly repeat if my life and happiness depended upon it.

At length I found myself alone with my friends, and as my mind gradually grew calmer, I learned and comprehended that we were free from the accusations of being rebels, and that through the intercession of our friends our pardon had been obtained from the government, and to make assurance doubly sure, the papers were placed before us duly signed and sealed.

I cannot describe the feelings with which I gazed upon them—the sense of repose, but too much consider'd to know whence come and why. I have a confused recollection of persons gathering around me—of my hand being shaken by men of race—and of hearing words of congratulation, but not a sense of what was uttered during that period do I think I could correctly repeat if my life and happiness depended upon it.

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ran for water and spirits, Maitland and Don Luis began to shake my limbs and body. With a convulsive grasp, I regained my breath and power of motion; and opening my eyes, I begged them, in a faint tone, to desist—adding, that I should soon be well.

In the course of the next quarter of an hour I had quite recovered, and almost my first question was about Benita.

“You say she is living and safe, Don Luis—now pray tell me where she is?”

“On that point,” he replied, “I will give you no satisfaction, till you have taken a bath and changed those prison garments for some I have provided. Come, friends, we have a carriage in waiting; and, God be thanked! you need no longer remain in the gloomy Cañon de San Juan de Uloa!”

“But can nothing be done for the poor fellows we leave behind?” I inquired, as I prepared to depart.

“I fear not,” said Don Manuel, as he took my arm and led me forth through the massive gates. “It has cost us a great deal of trouble, anxiety, and hard pleading to have you; and though we set to work the moment we heard of your departure and destination, yet for a whole year we met with no success, but laid ourselves under the suspicion of sympathizing with the *Rebel* cause.”

“May God Almighty bless you, for your indefatigable efforts in our behalf!” returned I, with deep emotion. “It will never perhaps be in your power to repay you—but I trust you will receive your reward.”

“Nay, said Don Manuel, “I was only repaying a debt I owed you—for I have never forgotten that it was through you that my property, and perhaps myself, were saved from the grasp of the robbers.”

On our way to the principal *pueblo*, or hotel, where our friends were quartered, I made some anxious inquiries concerning our companions in arms and the state of the revolution.

“General Mina, and all who followed his fortunes into the interior, are dead, and the country is now quiet again,” he said.

“I am sorry to hear that,” I replied; “but I am not so much concerned about the safety of our friends as about the safety of the *Rebels*—and there are many of them who are still in the field.”

“I am sorry to hear that,” he said; “but who are the rebels?”

“Well, we were captured by the robbers, and taken to a founded hacienda, where we were kept close prisoners, till liberated by the troops sent out to our rescue. I will not tell you what I suffered there. You heard a conversation, I was told, between Román and Benito, that explained why we were not ransomed.”

“I will not repeat the language that terrible bandit used to me—in order, as he said, to gain my affection—for it would only pain you to hear it. Enough, that he and Román, with most of their followers, departed on some new expedition, leaving a small guard over us, who kept us closely confined. We heard nothing of what was going forward, till one day a portion of the two bands returned, and reported that their leaders had been slain, and that they were sure that our lives had been spared upon the heads of Román and Benito—that if they were executed, we should not suffer them.

“I will not dwell upon my sufferings, but proceed to state that on the following night, the hacienda was attacked by the royal troops, who were forced an entrance, and we were terribly alarmed by the sounds of conflict all around us.”

“We were all kneeling on the ground and implored the protection of the saints, when suddenly the door of our prison was burst open, and two or three heads pushed in, followed by some half-dozen soldiers. The scene that ensued—the wild, terrible confusion, amid shrieks, groans, the reports of fire arms and the clashing of steel—I cannot describe. How any of us escaped, I do not know. I only know that in the smoke and confusion of that scene, the mother of poor Benito was killed, though she had been ransomed.”

“What a scene for my heart!” said I, straining her fondly to my breast. “Oh, what a sorrowous scene for my dear Benito! And what you would be like to me, if you had been ransomed! Your dear Benito, who is now in Heaven.”

“I will give you my life for her,” said I, “but I fear you will not accept me as a wife.”

“We had both of us ravenous appetites, and we devoured the food we had, and after breakfast I shall have the pleasure of presenting you to my daughters.”

“Good heavens! are they here?” exclaimed Carr.

“A thousand pardons,” said I, “I was having breakfast in the cambric, so I might as well.”

“You are perfectlyさま,” replied the Spanish, with a smile. “I am not much to you, unless after such a wonderful change from a dungeon to liberty. You are here, in this house, and are evidently waiting to receive you as a mother from the dead.”

I felt eager to make further inquiry concerning Benito, but fearing the question, at the moment, might appear impudent, I said—

“Be calm, my dear friend, I pray you!” he repeated.

“Spies,” groaned I, “Spies!” “I see all! we have lived through many tortures of body and mind. Spies! You will never be prepared for the worse!”

“But you are prepared for the best!” quickly added the noble and frank-hearted Carr.

“I am,” cried I, throwing back my head and gazing upon him like a madman, while one hand clasped my throat, the other down my back.

“The best, say you? Good God! you are not deceiving me!”

“No, my friend, not for the world would I raise false hope in your breast! You remember Román and Benito?”

“Yes.”

They were both consumed and consumed, with a sort of rage of having been more a master than a slave.

“And the terrible beach-head leading from the sea, and the terrible beach-head leading from the land, had taken flight, and I had only one master remaining.”

“Revived; and I have a faint recollection of the strange thrill that passed through my system, when I heard the announcement that she would soon be well.”

From that time, till I found myself seated by her side, and ourselves the only tenants of the apartment, I remember nothing.

“Oh, dear, dear Edmundo! is it true you are my wife?” cried I, impulsively clasping her to my heart, and imprinting upon her sweet lips the first kiss of a holy love!

“It is true, my dearest Edmundo! I am your wife!”

“Did you not say I was dead?”

“I did not say that, but I said you were dead.”

“I am your wife, and I am not dead.”

“I am your wife, and I am not dead.”

“I am your wife, and I am not dead.”

“I am your wife, and I am not dead.”

green. On the recovery of the mother of Carson, they had both returned to their own home; but the latter had been greatly distressed by the news of the loss of the heroic hand of Miss; and subsequently, against the prayers and remonstrances of her parents and friends, she had entered a convent, with the avowed intention of taking the veil and shutting herself forever from the world. The cause of this retirement of one so young, rich, talented and beautiful, was not generally known; but Benita more than hinted that it had been occasioned by the sad loss of my friend Parker, whom she had deeply and ardently loved.

Benita, having lost her kind benefactress, had been prevailed upon by her and Ida to make her home with them. Knowing as they did the secret of her love for me, they had not only deeply sympathized with her for my loss, but had done all in their power to console her with a hope of my ultimate release. Don Luis and Don Manuel, assisted by the noble Commandant, had likewise spared no exertions to obtain the pardon of myself and friend; and when they had at last succeeded, great had been the rejoicing of all parties. On the following day they had all set out, post haste, for Vera Cruz, and our meeting the reader has seen.

Through the assistance of her new friends, Benita had previously obtained possession and converted into money most of the property left her by her kind benefactress; and she was, as she expressed it, prepared to leave a land where she had seen some happiness and much misery, and accompany me to whatever portion of the great globe my inclination or fortune might take me.

"For you are all to me, dear Edmonds!" she said, with the air of a true and unreserved love; "my world of life, and hope, and joy; and with you I feel I can never be unhappy."

A few days subsequent to our reunion in the City of the True Cross, I led the trembling and lovely Benita to the altar of her faith; and there, surrounded by the kindest of friends, we took upon us those solemn and holy vows which were never to be cancelled in time or eternity. If she had looked lovely before, she now appeared angelic, in her pure bridal robes; and not even the Perl, when she first regained the Paradise she had lost, felt more exquisite and unutterable joy than I, as I clasped her to my heart and whispered in her ear:

"You are mine, sweet Benita! I forever mine! and come sunshine or storm, come prosperity or adversity, come weal or come woe, we will walk down the vale of life together, hand in hand and heart to heart."

On the fourth day after our marriage, we took a tearful leave of our friends, and embarked on an English brig for the island of Hayti, where in due time we arrived in safety.

I shall make no attempt to describe the rapturous meeting of Curry Maitland and Corina Villiers, but rather leave it to the imagination of the reader, assisted by what I have recorded of my own meeting with Benita. Suffice it to say, that it was one to fill all hearts with joy; and that, a few days subsequently, there was a brilliant wedding at Orange Villa, at which were assembled the beauty, talent and fashion of the city—and music, mirth, and festivity prevailed.

A week later, Maitland and I, accompanied by our lovely bride, and a few select friends, sailed for our native clime, which, by the blessings of Heaven, we reached in safety; and there, to be brief, my days have since passed, in a continuous round of happiness, of which I sometimes feel I am all undeserving. We all still live though fast advancing to the close of life; and, by God's blessing, we have seen our children, and our children's children, sport around us in happy innocence.

A few years subsequent to Miss's fatal expedition, the Patriot cause became triumphant in Mexico, and the Spaniards a proscribed race. Then it was that Don Luis, Don Manuel, and others fled for their lives, and returned to Spain; but I never had the pleasure of again meeting those who were so kind to me in my hour of need. If living now, may God bless and reward them!

THE END.

WHEN MY HAIR IS GRAY.

O, let me smooth this silken braid,
And listen when my heart most say:
"Tis only one, this silvery thread,
Of brown curls hurrying to grow gray.
Alas! with eyes of wistful ruth,
I must recall some coming day.
The grace and glory of my youth—
Wh'll love me when my hair is gray?"

Who'll love me when my hair is gray?
Wh'll call me "Sweet" when I am old?
Will sunny children round me play,
With cherub cheeks and curls of gold?
Oh, may I then renew my spring.
In maiden grace, in manly form,
While to my cold lips come and cling
These childish kisses, wild and warm?
May know the life while my pulse grows slow,
In bounteous life 'bounding on
In younger veins to love and bloom,
And make life fair when I am gone?

Or, left the remnant of my race,
Small I behind my weeping son,
And, gazing toward the unknown lands,
Threw out my day is almost done?"—
Then while I pray with lifted hands,
And count with my falling breath
The many now no longer mine,
The friends that I have lost in death;
And, counting, sigh so soul to soul.
A while, to seek the sunny coast,
Where I may find the love I've missed,
The as I still have treasured most.

Who'll love me when my hair is gray?
I 'll well know that there is one
Whose eyes will see me fair and gay
When faint and slow my me-ands run;
He'll see round my faded brows,
From whence the morning flowers are sung,
The bloom of eternal youth,
And love as if I still were young.

EDMUND On the occasion of Mr. Baron Aderson and Mr. Justice Patterson holding the sessions at Cambridge, England, Mr. Carson was appointed to preach the service sermon, when next morning the following lines were sent to the judges—

"A baron, a justice, a preacher, some three—
The preacher a son of a son was he.
The baron he is the son of a tree.
Whose son the justice is I cannot tell now,
But read him Patterson, and all will agree
That the son of his father the justice may be

FALSE.
BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I.

"False!" she thought, with a weary gaze
Over glades olive with the timorous deer,
With hills remote in a violent haze,
And the gleam of a winding moor.
In each sweet, soft eye a large bright tear
Rose to the brim, but never fell.
"I have lived and loved," she thought, "one
year.
It is over. All is well."

II.

"Ay, it is well. For false the lips
That were honey-sweet, and seemed so true;
False the touch of those finger-tips
That thrilled my whole blood through;
False the eyes of marvellous blue.
Which raised my heart as the moon the sea;
Yet I thought as I knew myself I knew
The man who was king to me."

III.

"On the falcon like an amorous dove,
Then took the heart from the answering
breast?
This man had a secret that looked like love;
He hated, yet caressed.
With the skill of a fiend, for a cruel jest,
He tamed my spirit, he soothed my fear,
Till I lunged in his loving arms to rest;
Then threw me away with a sneer."

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. DUPLESSIS WINS THE GAME.

The master of Belair had been sick almost unto death, but was now slowly recovering; and the hub of dread expectancy, which had brooded like an ominous cloud over the Hall and its inmates, so long as the life of Sir Philip was in danger, had already become as a shadow of the past; and the well-trained household had imperceptibly glided back into the easy noiseless groove which circled the full round of everyday duties at Belair. Yet, the baronet was slowly recovering; he was "much—very much better," were the exact words which emanating, in the first instance, in the discreet whisper of whispers, from the lips of Dr. Reach, spread rapidly from mouth to mouth as something that everybody was glad to hear; for the sick man was universally beloved. But Dr. Reach knew, and Sir Philip knew, that this attack, conquered with difficulty, was merely the forerunner of other attacks still more severe, before which the falling forces of life must ultimately succumb.

Gaston Spencebaugh had been summoned from Paris—an effeminate handsome young man, more at home in the drawing-room than the hunting field, and fonder of a billiard-cue than a horse—who, now that all immediate danger to his father was over, went mousing listlessly about the house, smoking intermittently, thinking a good deal of some absent friend, and visiting the whole business which had called him from pleasant Paris, a bore.

"You may be sure, dear, that it has been a very harrowing time for your Marguerite," wrote Lady Spencebaugh to one of her confidential correspondents. "Poor dear Sir Philip has required constant attention night and day, and although not equal to the task of nursing him myself, I have felt it incumbent on me to be constantly on the spot, and to superintend personally every arrangement for his comfort. Gaston, dear, follow! it is at home; very handsome, though it is who says it, and with a style quite *comme il faut*." In writing thus, her Ladyship had considerably magnified her slight attentions to the sick man, which had merely consisted in those or four hours each day to the room where he lay, on which occasions she would take a momentary glace at him, and murmur to the attendants: "Poor dear Sir Philip! How distressing to see him thus!" and then turning to the head nurse, she would add: "Be sure, Mrs. Smith, that you carry out the doctor's instructions minutely; and let me be apprised the moment you see a change either way or the other," and so would gently waken back to her own apartments, where she would sit by the fire with a screen in her hand, for she was always careful of her complexion, and muse on what might come to pass in case Sir Philip should not recover. "With my savings and his father's, Gaston would be tolerably well off, and could afford to make a very decent figure in London society. He would go into parliament, of course, when he had seen his wild oats, and there is no reason why he should not marry into the peerage; and then—Well, well!"

But Sir Philip Spencebaugh, although thus neglected in one instance, was left entirely to the care of bairnies. The watchful eye and tender hand of Fredericca were ever near him. She had a room fitted up for herself close to his own, that she might always be on the spot; and her loving face was the first that met his gaze when his feeble senses flickered back to a consciousness of earthly things. He blessed her as he lay there, and called her his own, his darling. They were the first words he had spoken for many weary days and nights; and Fredericca had to hurry out, that she might give way in solitude to the rush of happy tears that wellled up from her heart.

Nearly five months had passed since Fredericca gave that promise to her uncle that she would return to look upon Mr. Duplessis with more favorable eyes, and grant him an opportunity of plodding his cause in person. It was a promise that was repeated as soon as made; and, as we have already seen, the Canadian deserved so slight an advantage from the permission accorded him, that he was fain to use it by alacrity as though it had never been given, and await the quiet presence of time, which, when assuaged by his own skillful play, might work some change in his favor, rather than frighten his beautiful quarry by a bold rush, and so lose her at once and for ever. He had consented to play a patient game, in the full expectation of ultimately winning it, so accustomed had he been to winning such delicate hazards, sometimes almost without an effort, that for a long time, the possibility of failure was suffered to dwindle him down; but at length it began to dawn fully on him—and it was a thought that touched him to the quick with a sort of savage remorse—that he had been struggling all this time against a barrier of ice, before whose clear cold eyes all his petty wiles and stratagems, and little

love-making arts, withered like exotic before the breath of winter. Admirable for his many brilliant qualities, Fredericca might and did feel. She was young, and had a considerable fund of enthusiasm to draw upon; and she could not help liking this man who shone out so superior to the ordinary ruck of visitors at Belair. Then, again, he had a large claim on her gratitude, from the fact of having risked his own life to save that of her uncle: it was a deed that invested him in her eyes with a sort of heroic halo, through which many more faults than he allowed to be visible on the surface would have paled and grown dim. But, granting Duplessis all these points in his favor, and no one was more capable than he of making the most of them, the great indisputable fact still remained, that he found himself utterly unable to advance in her good graces beyond that edge of vantage to which he had so patiently worked his way, but which he had all along merely looked upon in the light of a stepping-stone to something higher. Let his venture but a step beyond it, and now and then he did so venture, treading delicately and with caution—and straightway the barrier of ice rose up before him, and he fell back to his old position, chilled and cowed, as he had known how and why, with a bitter sense of humiliation and defeat working within him. Yes, five months had come and gone since that bright summer afternoon on which Sir Philip Spencebaugh told him of the promises which he had won from his niece, and the game seemed still as far from being won as ever. His patience was worn out at last; he was growing desperate; something must be done, and that immediately, for the demon of impetuosity was knocking loudly at his door. He would make one last bold effort, assisted by the baronet, to win her beautiful prize; and then—why, then, if he were unsuccessful, he would let her go, and trouble himself no further about the grapes he could not reach. There were other grapes, not bad fruit by any means, as such things go, within his reach for the plucking; would it not be wiser in him quietly to accept this other fruit, and make the best of it, rather than waste further precious time on what was so evidently unattainable? There was Lady Wimberly, for instance, just home from the German Spa; a widow well dowered, and still, at forty years of age, possibly handsome, who looked with favoring eyes on the handsome Canadian, and was by no means indisposed to encourage his attentions. As the husband of her Ladyship, even though her joys were yet to be enjoyed by his reach, and as the master of Oakthorpe Grange, he would at once take a certain position in society; and it would not be his fault if he did not so manage that all rents and revenues should percolate through his own fingers, and leave no trace of previous debt by the way. In any case, for such as he, the lot was by no means an enviable one. But to give up for ever his sweet Fredericca—not forgetting all that she was to him—there was the pang. He really loved Miss Spencebaugh, as much as it lay in his nature to love any one, other than himself; but he could not afford to waste more time in a fruitless love-case. One last bold effort; and then, should he fail—Lady Wimberly and Oakthorpe Grange.

Late one dull winter afternoon, Sir Philip Spencebaugh sat propped up in bed, treading over with his finger tips the leaves of a large-print copy of *Mansfield*, bound in old oak, which lay on the coverlet before him. A shaded lamp stood on a small table close by his bed, and Crooke, his old and faithful body-servant, was moving noiselessly about the anteroom, within call. The old man's face was wan and pinched; but his eyes were brighter, and beamed with a fuller intelligence, Fredericca thought, than she had seen in them for many months. At length the baronet spoke. "Crooke, go and inquire whether Mr. Duplessis is in the house. If he is, I should like to see him." Then when Crooke had gone, he went on, talking to himself: "No time to lose. I must be settled at once—at once. If she doesn't love him now, she will learn to do so after marriage. Girls like her don't know their own minds for a week together. No time to lose. It must be settled at once."

Mr. Duplessis was ushered into the room.

After the usual greetings and inquiries were over, the old man motioned to the Canadian to seat himself on a chair close by the bed. Sir Philip lay back on his pillows for a moment, with two closed eyes before he spoke.

"Friend," he said at last, "I want to know how your suit with Fredericca prospera. Is the wedding day fixed yet?"

When Duplessis entered the room, it was

with the full intention of stating his case to Sir Philip, but the baronet's question took from him the necessity of doing so. "Miss Spencebaugh and I," he replied, "had precisely the same position with regard to each other that we did six months ago."

"How is that?" asked Sir Philip anxiously.

"Are your views or wishes changed in any way?"

"Not in the slightest degree," replied Duplessis.

"To win the hand of Miss Spencebaugh is the dearest hope of my life."

"Then why haven't you won it? She gave you a chance, didn't she, months ago? Why did you neglect to take advantage of it?"

"The affection your niece has for me, Sir Philip, made her yield the point in opposition to her own wishes on the subject."

"Fool, man! That's more than you know. Don't you pretend to read the riddle of a young girl's heart? It lies beyond either your skill or mine to do so. But when once the point was conceded in your favor, why didn't you make the most of it?"

"I did make the most of it, in one sense. I pressed my suit quietly and unobtrusively. I did my best to work my way into the good graces of Miss Spencebaugh, and I failed. I still love her as dearly as ever I did, but I am afraid that she will never look upon me as anything more than a friend."

"Tut, man! You are far too timid a wader. No woman's heart that isn't given away before-hand can stand a bold, resolute lover. They are soft, timorous things at the best of times, but as wily as the very devils. If I had stood in your shoes, my boy, I would have forced Fredericca into my arms by a bold rush, and so lost her at once and for ever."

"Miss Spencebaugh is not a simple boarding-school miss, to be won by a few honeyed phrases and empty protestations of affection."

"She is the best girl in the world, sir, though it is I who say it!" exclaimed the baronet, warmly.

"And do you mean to say, Henry, that the miss ain't fond of you?"

"I am afraid, Sir Philip, that such is really the case," replied the Canadian, in a low, reverent voice.

"I tell you again, my dear boy, that you have

gone too timidly about your courting. Freddy must like you in her secret heart, even though she won't acknowledge as much. I set my heart on this match long ago, and I don't think I could be happy unless it were to come off. I'll tell Freddy about it myself; I'll see her at once. There's not much that she would refuse her old uncle."

The Canadian's eyes glistered, but he answered the baronet in a low, earnest voice:

"Not for worlds, my dear Sir Philip, would I have Miss Spencebaugh's inclination, forced in the slightest degree in my favor."

"No one wants to force her inclination, sir. But I say again, there are not many things that would refuse her old uncle. Pour me out a little of that cordial, and then tell Crooke to ask Miss Spencebaugh to come to me."

"But, my dear sir, you would not—"

"Not a word, Duplessis; I tell you I will have my own way in this matter, so don't try to turn me from it."

"But you surely don't wish me to remain in the room during your interview with Miss Spencebaugh?" persisted Duplessis.

"You shall remain in the room, but out of sight. Freddy shall not know that you are near; you shall hide behind that screen. Nay, I will have it so. No remonstrance, or by Heaven! I will never speak to you again. Never have I seen such a treat. His screen-scene was the sublime of comedy—but not with you, out of sight; here is Freddy's voice as she talks to Crooke."

The Canadian vanished; and the next moment Fredericca entered the room, and hastening up to the bed, flung her arms round the old man's neck, and kissed him fondly.

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Change in the Fashions in France.

It is bewildering, and almost ridiculous, says the London Queen, "to note the change which fashion has of late wrought in the appearance of French ladies. During the last six weeks there has been a collapse; all the women who strictly follow the fashions appear to have suddenly shrunk, and, to outward appearance, have grown both thinner and shorter. This is all owing to the decrease in the width of both cravat and petticoat, and the decrease in length of all outdoor dresses; for it is an undisputed fact that a trained skirt adds considerably to the apparent height of the figure. Still, with all their graceful folds and sweeping lines, no sensible woman will regret the disappearance of the absurd long trains and sweeping dresses which have been worn during the past two years in the streets, for they proved so exceedingly inconvenient and unsightly. The new fashion is infinitely more reasonable, for it leaves the trains for drawing-rooms, and insists on short petticoats in the streets and promenades."

THE LONDON TIMES AND AMERICA.—Sedately changing the tone it has maintained for years, the London Times has announced to readers by boldly advancing the payment by England of the Alabama claims. It also continues its friendliness towards America by advancing Maximilian's abdication and opposing further French intervention in Mexico.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from \$15 to \$20 per 100 Cents brought from \$10 to \$12 per 100 Cents. Hogs were disposed of at from \$10 to \$12 per 100 lbs.

PARENTS.
And especially mothers, who have the more immediate care of children, permit me to say with candid earnestness, never lay down to rest at night with the health and happiness of your children at heart without having the PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER at hand. Trust to no other pain preparations or panaceas. They may and often do, fail in critical cases—but the Perry Davis, never—never. If you had not this timely warning the fault is your own, as Perry Davis' Pain Killer is in nearly every store throughout the length and breadth of our land, and all over the civilized world.

MOTHERS AND FRIENDS.
Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE Remover. It is infinite. Prepared by Dr. B. C. Parrot, 100 Bond St., N. Y. Send by rail, drug-gists and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price 55¢.

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MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Dr. W. W. Lawrence to Miss ANNIE E. McLean, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, St. James Church to Miss MARY A. B. Scott, of Franklin.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Prentiss, Mr. William Jackson to Miss ETHELINE RUMMEL, both of the Huntingdon Valley, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. F. Converse, Mr. Frank L. Ladd to Miss Anna C. Ladd, of this city, to Mr. ALFRED T. HARRIS, of Baltimore, Md.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Williams, Mr. George Newell to Miss ELIZABETH FOLGER, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. F. W. Hulter, Alexander H. Clark to Miss NANCY E. Naylor, daughter of the late Eliza H. Snyder, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, at the residence, near West Orange, N. J., ANNABELLE TAYLOR, 27, in the 28th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JAMES PHELPS, in his 60th year.

On the 10th instant, William E. H. in his 60th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. FREDERICK BARTLETT, in his 60th year.

On the 10th instant, RICHARD BENNETT, in his 60th year.

On the 10th instant, William F. PATRICK, in his 60th year.

On the 10th instant, John F. HOWELL, in his 60th year.

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THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1860, Improved Patent No. 10,000. The celebrated FAMILY SEWING MACHINE with a new Worm and Eccentric Construction. Novelty is now placed in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE and wears perfectly, new with Double or Single Thread of any weight, and can be used with any weight of thread, and requires but hand and with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each revolution of the Wheel. WILLIAMS, HARRIS, KELLY, SMITH, TUCK, & CO. MANUFACTURERS, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 999, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370,

